

THE BEAUTY OF PERSISTENCE

MR. LOOMIS TRIP WITH A MAN FOR WHOM DOORS OPEN.

Value of Tenacity of Purpose Illustrated at Cambridge When Col. Roosevelt Got His Degree—Impressions of the Ceremony and of the University.

LONDON, June 1.—There is so much in knowing how.

I find that if a newspaper man wishes to succeed he must cultivate a certain amount of tenacity of purpose.

A man whom I will call Massinger has been my companion a good deal of late. He is a newspaper man, and however shy and retiring he is when at home or among his friends, no one would think of those adjectives for a whole day after seeing him at work getting to some place where his presence was not absolutely necessary from the point of view of the man refusing him admittance.

Take it at Cambridge. When he invited me to go down with him to see Roosevelt receive his degree I accepted with alacrity, although I did not see how we were going to get into the senate house, where the ceremony was to take place.

We travelled down first class and on a pass. It is so long since special privilege was abolished in America that a pass was almost as interesting to my eyes as a first edition of Sappho's poems would be to a bibliophile. It was an inconsequential bit of filly paper, but it was good for the distance, going and coming, and I was glad to travel first class just to see what it was like. They may only lords and fools travel first class, but I certainly had no companion in our compartment except Massinger, and he is a lord.

When we got to Cambridge we learned that Roosevelt was coming down by another line and would arrive in twenty minutes. Massinger is sending photographs as well as letters to his paper and so we went to meet Roosevelt.

It was nothing, a mere bagatelle, for him to get into the reserved space, and of course I went along, as I have credentials that pass me through certain lines when I have my nerve with me, and always have it when I'm with Massinger. It rubs off of him. It's like coming in contact with a newly painted post. You can't help coming away with something.

So we stood there and waited for the coming of the man that English papers say (with a certainty that would seem to argue that they had been out West and talked with almost anybody) will be our next President.

At last he came, red faced and smiling, in seemingly perfect health and bound to add another to the good times he has had since he joined this busy little world of ours.

Massinger went so close to him that if my friend had been a flame and Roosevelt a puff of smoke the beard would have gone up in a beard. He got him and Roosevelt never turned a hair. He looked just as pleasant as he had been looking.

We had been told how to make a short cut so that we might see him when he first came to the Cambridge crowd that had come down to welcome him, undergrads and townsmen and reporters.

He was hailed with an English cheer that seemed to be just like an American one. Roosevelt parted his lips for the first time and revealed a very perfect set of teeth that looked as if they could snap a bone in two with one incisive click. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Longworth were in full mourning, but that did not look odd, as there are no colors anywhere in England except in nature, and I wonder they dare flaunt their colors so shamelessly. Grief is one thing and a natural thing; but black—kindly excuse me while I change the subject. When I get on to that topic I am apt to grow intolerant, and a desultory letter is no place for intolerance.

If I could describe the beauties of the River Cam, the copper beeches and the full plumed chestnuts, the May trees and the Gothic towers rising above them; if I could describe them and the old King's Chapel with any degree of adequacy I should become a poet of the first water by virtue of my description. But I was born to adore unseeing, and beauty dies within me unseeing.

Besides I have seen Oxford, and as between Cambridge and Oxford there is no comparison, save that I can think of no chapel at Oxford that equals King's Chapel in its nobility and its call to silence and meditation.

Massinger reminded me that if we expected to see Roosevelt get his degree we must be moving on, so on we moved and soon came to the senate chamber.

Here I was to see the beauty of persistence. Here I was to see how it is that people get their news every morning.

We walked into the senate house and in full throated tones Massinger started to ask whom we should see in our ord—

"Sh! ask the verger or door man or bellboy or whatever he is called, and peeping through a screen I saw that some of the flower of England were engaged in study, and it fell to me as a traveler from across the seas to disturb them.

In whispers we pursued our talk and learned that a certain master of arts, to come presently, was the only man who could grant our request.

He came, a courteous, splendid looking fellow, six feet tall and looking as if he might be master of a college some day.

Said Massinger: "We would like to witness the ceremony this afternoon. I represent, &c., &c., and my friend represents, &c., &c." (The truth, I had my credentials with me, but I only expected to write a letter now and then when the mood seized me).

Master of Arts—I'm very sorry, but it will be quite impossible.

Now this is where, in the words of Gilbert, I should have "retired apologizing." "Far from me to try to intrude upon your sacred ceremony. Consider that you have never met me. Allow me to sink into nothingness, to vanish as a vapor or the dew of early morning."

A paraphrase of those words would have risen to my lips had I been alone. I would have made my way out reverently and left the young collegians to their absorption of knowledge. Did Massinger do that? No, a thousand times no.

He said: "That's too bad, because we have come all the way down from London to describe this very interesting ceremony in which an American is honored by his British cousins. We are both allies."

"Yes, but you see it's a matter of crowding out some of our own men, our dons. The place is very limited. I assure you, gentlemen, I'd like only too well to sit you in, but there's a man for every seat, and we gave out all our press tickets this morning. For all I know some others may come, and if I were to stretch a point and let you in, why not them?"

"They won't come. All the news-

COMEDY TYPES IN EUROPE

TOURISTS JUST LIKE THOSE SEEN ON THE STAGE.

The English Here Represented Since the Boer War—German When They Travel—Few Frenchmen and Italians Not—Familiarities of the Americans.

No theatregoer should feel lonesome on a trip to Europe. Good old fashioned comedy characters happen along at every turn. All the old friends are present, and then some.

There is the Englishman with his drawl and his tub; the English woman with her reversible figure, also her implacable feet; the French waiter, setting and frothing with language; the demi-mondaine, whose deportment is so discreet that you can scarcely believe that it goes down with the sun; the German, who according to circumstances is either a lump or an explosion; the Italian with—you would swear it—ten hands; and forty hangers on each hand.

Of course there are plenty of new types, but the old friends are so familiar that they give you almost as homey a feeling as fellow American tourists do; American men with their short speeches and long cigars; American women with their pretty clothes, also their pretty noses, which they mistakenly insist on using as a vocal organ.

The British traveler used to be disliked all over Europe. He thought he was cock of the walk. Whenever he moved he seemed to be doing it to the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." For the last ten years he has been a chastened creature.

When England had her hands full with the Boer war people in Europe took that opportunity to try to get even. They did it in funny little ways, such as jostling lone English women and making uncomplimentary remarks concerning the anatomical architecture of those somewhat gothic persons.

It was like a lot of little dogs yelping at the heels of a big dog when the big fellow was safely occupied with a scrap of his own, but it made the English open their eyes. They were shocked and apparently grieved to find themselves so cordially disliked. They became reformed characters. They were the kindest of fellow travelers. They seemed to be saying wistfully:

"Just see what a good sort I really am!"

They complained little and they paid big. To all appearances they had been born again and born better. Of course they didn't sparkle, but you really couldn't expect people nourished on mutton and cold pork pies—cold, remember—to sparkle.

Speaking of food, the Continental traveler learns to dread one English type in particular. That is he avoids eating with the species. When it comes to table manners the English curate, at least on his travels, is almost on a plane with a French drummer, than which there is no lower depth.

These curates seem to be kindly, harmless creatures, much taken up with consideration of altitude and temperature and botany, but if you can manage to let them get past the soup before you go to the table you will enjoy your dinner more.

The young curate's wife has better table manners but worse general manners. She needs another Boer war to chasten her. She has been called the most ungenerous snob that crosses the Channel, but she is forgotten in the charm of a nice old perennial type of English woman whose shadow, though generous, will never grow less if the prayers of travellers shall have their way. She too is allied with the clergy. She may be the wife of a vicar or even of a bishop.

She is always the same.

You will see her in a thousand moderate priced Continental hotels. Her smooth gray hair is topped with a fuzzy little ribboned cap. Her good, homely face has settled into lines of peace. She has long ago given up that desperate struggle which young English women are always making to be "lively," and having temporarily escaped the parish or the diocese and her husband's patrons and the necessity of pushing her daughters' social prospects she can sit down and be her own simple, commonplace, comfortable self.

Her train of daughters traipse about at "pippah's" heels, but she sits near the public dining room fire in winter or by the best window in summer, her broad feet on a footstool, an embodied spirit of domesticity, calling the most feverish traveler. She is frequently occupied with what she calls "household" or, in the motto of the English woman of all classes is: "What is home without an antimacassar?"

Occasionally you run across a duchess and her friends with their cigarettes blandly smoking on terraces and in restaurants. You know it must be a duchess; nobody else would show such sublime indifference to fashion plates and to jewelry.

Every now and then you meet good, sound, wholesome men and women, who in spite of pork pies cold and mutton warm are as clever as they are kindly. They may be the American glad about their "transatlantic cousin" phrase.

The old habitué of Weber and Fields is right at home when he runs across a party of German travellers abroad. The German fills the same role in the larger play of travel that he does on the stage here.

Who ever made a wholly serious rôle of the German? It is always to laugh when he comes on. It's the same thing abroad. On his native he takes life gayly and easily.

He's a good fellow and a good friend; but he is a different creature when sobered by the responsibilities of travel. He tightens up, and he loses the concentration of one of his own Krupp guns. He booms and blunders around like a burly bumble bee drunk with the hunt for honey. He wears a foolish little green felt hat with a fuzzy bit of feather stuck in the band at the exact middle of the back. Words cannot express how trifling this little contrivance looks atop of his big bulk, especially when that bulk is increased, as it is on all possible occasions, by immense flapping cape overcoats or mackintoshes. These cape affairs, flaring wildly through museums, churches, open squares, somehow get to be irresistibly funny.

The women have straps placed at intervals around their hips. These connect with several sets of large buttons placed one below another further down their skirts. When they are in the hotel these straps dangle free, giving their skirts the benefit of their full length.

In good weather the women prepare for outdoor perspiration by fastening the straps to the first row of buttons, which makes their skirts ankle length; but when it rains all skirts are double reefed, producing a large, bulging, festooned effect around the hips and elevating dress hems to the substantial curve half way between ankle and knee.

The postcard contagion has spread to all nationalities, but the mania still appears in its most violent form in the Germans. There is no time of the day or night when a German can resist the temptation to send a souvenir postcard. He calls for the pen and ink with his breakfast and despatches a postcard.

Every time he sits down to eat he sends off a postcard. Even music hath not charms enough to soothe that savage longing to send off postcards. At open air concerts still is he directing

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

A PAINTER OF GENIUS IN NEW YORK BUT KNOWN TO FEW.

Arne Saknussemm Visited in His Studio—A Lost Master With a Hundred Masterpieces—A Modern Artist Who Belongs to the Renaissance.

"What's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip?" was quoted by a painter the other night at the Painters Club. What made him think of Browning was not the terrific hair, he blandly explained to the three or four men sitting at his table in the terrace, but the line swam across his memory when he had recalled the name of Arne Saknussemm as a green meteor, seen far out at sea for a moment, drops into the watery void. Who in the name of Apollo was Arne Saknussemm? was asked. The painter sat up: "There you are, you fellows," he roared. "You all paint or write or spell marble, but for the history of your art you care not a rap!" "Yes, but what has your Arne Saknussemm to do with Browning's Waring?" "Only this," said the painter: "It is a similar case." "A story, a story?" we all cried and settled down for a yarn; but no yarn was spun. The painter relapsed into silence and the group gradually dissolved. We sat still, hoping against hope.

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